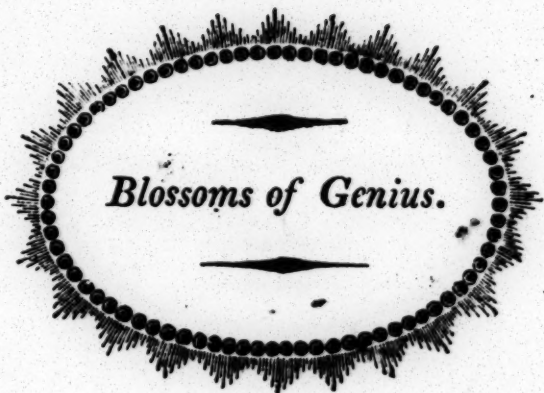


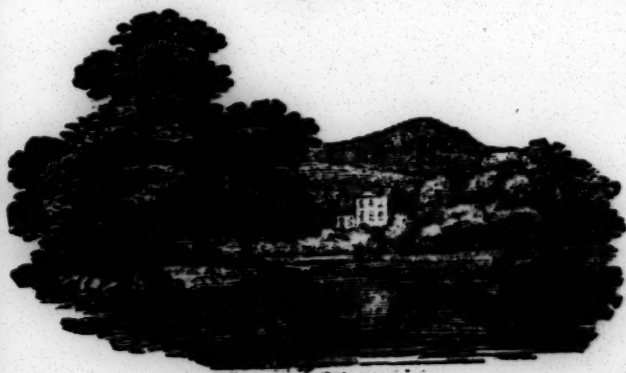
1568/112.





Blossoms of Genius ;
A SELECTION OF
PIECES IN VERSE,
Ludicrous & Sentimental.

—○—
“ To smoothe the brow of Care,
“ And dissipate Melancholy.”



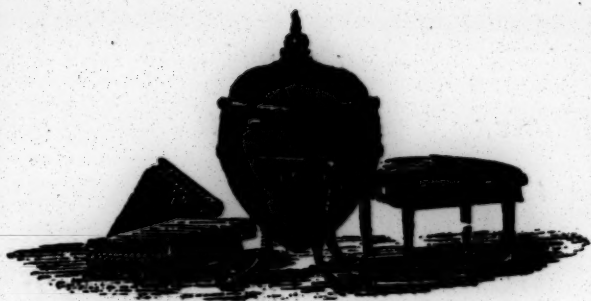
Huddersfield :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY BROOK AND LANCASHIRE.

SOLD ALSO BY

VERNOR AND HOOD, CROSBY AND LETTERMAN,
LONDON.





PREFACE.



SO many Selections of this kind have appeared, both in town and country, that another may seem superfluous and unnecessary. It is hoped, however, that the claims which the following pages may have upon the judicious Reader

will sufficiently sanction their publication, and gratify the admirers of the British Muse.

Pleasantry without indecency, mirth without licentiousness, and wit without venom, are the means by which the editor hopes to recommend this little volume to public notice : and as he will never lose sight of impartiality, the most obscure pieces, if possessed of Genius, will be brought into light, and placed among the distinguished ornaments of polite Literature.

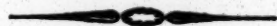
The Selection is chiefly composed of new pieces; as it would be impossible, from the limits of our work, to embrace every thing which deserves a place therein.







Blossoms of Genius, &c.



THE COTTAGER.

A COW, a pig, the feather'd brood,
The cot, which on the common stood,
The scythe and sickle, flail and spade,
Brought Hodge, and family, their bread.

When his kind stars these aids afford,
Hodge is as happy as his lord ;
He felt no want—was blithe as May,
Cattle, or wife, ne'er went astray.

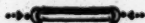
But now the commons are inclos'd,
His fav'rite stock to sale expos'd ;
His cow, his calf, his pig, are gone,
His sheep are " kill'd off," ev'ry one ;

His flail, scythe, sickle, and his spade,
Could not supply his house with bread.

Hunger no fear of law describes,
"No fear of God before his eyes,"
He stole a Goose, by famine led,
From that spot where his own had fed.

Now to the Justice brought in haste,
That Justice who inclos'd the waste,
His Worship in a passion flew—
In silence Hodge a long face drew—
"A halter, sirrah, you'll not miss,
"For perpetrating crimes like this."

Hodge droop'd his head, and heav'd a sigh,
Then meekly utter'd this reply:—
"The crime is small in man or woman,
"Should they a goose steal from a common;
"But what can plead that man's excuse
"Who steals a common from a goose?"

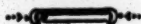


IRISH FISHERMAN.

AN Irishman angling one day up the Liffy,
Which runs down by Dublin's sweet city, so fine;
A smart show'r of rain falling, Pat, in a giffy,
Crept under the arch of a bridge with his line.



"Why that's not the way to accomplish your wishes,"
 Cries Dermot, "the devil a bite will you get!"
 "Och, bother," says Pat, "don't you know that the fishes
 "Will flock under here to keep out of the wet?"



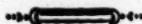
THE GENERAL FAST.

TWAS on a Day, but not the last,
 When orders for a gen'ral Fast,
 Were from the Cockpit given;
 That man no more in sin might plunge,
 But wipe all out by Sorrow's sponge,
 And make their odds all even.

When soaking SAM, who ev'ry day,
 To Sot's Hole went, to souse his clay,
 There found the doors all barr'd;
 For Sam the front and postern try'd,
 But all in vain for entrance ply'd,
 A case he thought quite hard;

And hard and harder while he knock'd
 Silence within his batt'ring mock'd,
 'Till Sally op'd the sash,
 And cry'd, "Pray cease your Rat Tat Tat,
 "This day we're all resolv'd, that's flat,
 "To fast, and take no cash."

"Why then," says Sam, in sulky strain,
 "Fast on—I'll rap no more in vain,
 "Upset me if I do;
 "But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
 "Who, not content to fast yourselves,
 "Must make your doors fast too!"



MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
 At least some fifty years ago, or more,
 A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd TOM KING,
 A fellow that was clever at a joke,
 Expert in all the arts to tease and *smoke*.
 In short, for strokes of humour, quite the *thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known
 With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
 Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
 Would crowd, his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
 And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
 His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
 A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
 Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.

If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game, till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight ;
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known at that time by name of refugees—
The rod of Persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

V'ell! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view ;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait to the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time, we may suppose, near two o'clock.
" I'll ask," says King, " if THOMPSON lodges here"—
" THOMPSON!" cries t'other, " who the dévil's e?"
" I know not," King replies, " but want to see
" What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time, a little Frenchman came,
 One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
 The other held a thing they call *culotte* ;
 An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
 A tattered waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
 Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
 And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee—
 " Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late ;
 " I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you wait ;
 " Pray tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me ?"

" Sir," reply'd King, " I merely thought to know,
 " As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—
 " But, really, I disturb'd your sleep I fear—
 " I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
 " Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
 " If there's a Mr. THOMPSON lodges here ?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break,
 Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—

" No, Sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardor, and tow'rd home he sped,
 While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed ;
 But King, resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,

So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before :
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound ;
King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain ;
And oft indeed he made the door resound.

As last, King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturb'd his sleep ;
The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
“ Is there—a Mr. THOMPSON—lodges here ? ”

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright—
“ Vy, Sare, I'm sure I told you, Sare, last night—
(And here he labor'd with a sigh sincere)
“ No Monsieur TONSON in de world I know,
“ No Monsieur TONSON here—I told you so ;
“ Indeed, Sare, dare no Monsieur TONSON here ! ”

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose ;
The rogue next night pursu'd his old career—
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
“ Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur TONSON here ! ”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
 And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
 Whose tongue indeed than any jack went faster—
 Anxious she strove his errand to enquire ;
 He said “ ’twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
 “ He should not stir till he had seen her master.”

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
 King told her she must fetch her master down,
 A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
 And long indeed was she oblig'd to bawl,
 E'er she could rouse the torpid lump of clay—
 At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
 But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
 When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
 To this tormentor mildly to complain,
 And strait in rage began his crest to rear—
 “ Sare, vat de devil make you treat me so ?
 “ Sare, I inform you, Sare, three night ago,
 “ Got tam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here !”

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
 Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wife
 Which should descend to chase the fiend away ;

At length, to join their forces they agree,
And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly stood—
The name of THOMPSON rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With, " Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :
They threw out water—for the watch they call,
But King, expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime,
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot ;
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace—
" Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth !" he said,
" My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
" Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
 And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
 Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?
 Why e'en our little Frenchman—strange to say !
 He took his old abode that very day—
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears ;
 The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
 With rush-light as before he creeping came,
 And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
 Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
 " Begar ! here's Monsieur Tonson come again !"
 Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more."



DICK AND JOEY.

TWO swains contended for the heart
 Of lovely, charming Chloe :
 The one, they call'd him Dick so smart,
 The other, blithsome Joey.

Of these two swains it was the lot
 (A lot that's no reproach),
 To wear a worsted shoulder-knot,
 And ride behind a coach.

Joe was a brisk and sprightly lad;
 For those that knew him say,
 No mortal ever saw him sad,
 Whenever he was gay.

Dick, of more sentimental cast,
 To sadness oft was prone,
 To think that Joey shar'd a heart,
 He wanted all his own.

The beauteous nymph for whom they sigh'd,
 And constantly pursued,
 In the same mansion did reside,
 To dress their master's food.

Chloe so well her victuals dress'd,
 Against all cooks I'd set her;
 And, if she was of cooks the best,
 'Tis likely none was better.

All the departments of her art,
 The lovely maid was good in,
 Stews, hashes, making pie or tart,
 Cakes, custards, or plumb-pudding.

With this, so liberal a share
 Of her profession's skill,
 Her charms of person were so rare,
 Few maids did her excel.

Her look was smart, because she was
 So neat in her attire;
 And crimson were her cheeks, because
 She stood before the fire.

So equal were her lovers two,
 She knew not which to chuse;
 And if she married one, she knew
 That one she must refuse.

She wish'd not either swain to gall,
 Yet it appear'd too plain,
 That if she did not wed at all,
 She single must remain.

One Sunday morn, impatient grown,
 Joey, that lively elf,
 Surpris'd her, sitting all alone,
 When she was by herself.

He scarce had been so smart before;
 Bepowder'd was his head;
 His neatest livery he wore,
 A blue turn'd up with red.

So warm he swore, he prest, he kiss'd,
 That, e'er an hour was spent,
 No longer able to resist,
 The fair one gave consent.

To church the youth, in conscious pride,
 The yielding maiden carried ;
 And Chloe there became his bride,
 As soon as they were married.

And now, the sequel of my tale
 With sorrow I relate ;
 For, sure, no feeling heart can fail
 To weep at Richard's fate.

He, hapless youth ! brimful of grief,
 (His feelings were so fine !)
 Determin'd, as his last relief,
 To drown his cares in wine.

At length, become a perfect sot,
 (The fact I must avow)
 He, almost ev'ry ev'ning, got
 " As drunk as David's fow."

The liquor's fumes did quickly cause
 A fever in his brain ;
 And fevers, every-body knows,
 Are apt to bring on pain.

One day poor Dick, delirious grown
 With this dread fever's heat,
 Jump'd from the garret window down,
 And fell into the street.

His friends, unhappy, found him laid
 A corpse upon the stones :
 The reason was, the doctor said,
 The fall had broke his bones.

A jury met, impartially
 The matter to debate,
 And all agreed that lunacy
 Had urg'd him to his fate :

For 'twas allow'd by all, that men,
 When they get in these frenzies,
 Are, absolutely mad; and then,
 No doubt, have lost their senses.

So ended Dick, to suicide
 Thus prematurely hurried :
 He liv'd and lov'd, got drunk and died,
 And in his grave was buried.



MONSIEUR KANIFERSTANE.

ONCE on a time, a little French Marquis
 For travel felt a mighty inclination :
 To shew himself, and foreign parts to see,
 He undertook a bold peregrination.
 At Dieppe, he found a sloop just under weigh,
 Wind and tide serving, off he sail'd away,
 And, soon sea-sick, beyond finesse or sham,
 By Dutchmen mann'd, and bound for Amsterdam;
 Close in the cabin he preferr'd to nestle,
 There, faint and languid, for a space he doz'd;
 Till, from th' increas'd commotion in the vessel,
 That land might be in sight he well suppos'd ;
 So to the deck he climb'd, with empty maw,
 And, sure enough, Dutch Terra Firma saw.

While in the cabin sick and sad he lay,
 Tho' a true Frenchman, he ne'er dreamt of talking ;
 But, when on deck, his spirits grew more gay,
 And his blood 'gan to circulate with walking,
 He recollected that he had a tongue.
 Now, tho' a Frenchman French with ease can jabber,
 And, doubtless, thinks all other ears are hung
 Like those he left at home, yet a Dutch swabber
 Is apt enough no other speech to know
 Than that which first he learn'd from MOTHER FROW.

Such was the case of all the trunk-hos'd crew.

The marquis, struck with wonder and delight,
Enraptur'd gaz'd on objects all so new ;

At length a sumptuous palace caught his sight,
Which, proudly rising from the water's side,
Shew'd its new-painted front with flow'rets gay :
While trim responsive gardens spreading wide,
Display'd Dutch taste in regular array.

Anxious to know who own'd the pleasing scene,
The marquis, bowing with a grinning face,
Demanded of a tar, in French, I ween,

“ To whom belong'd that most enchanting place ? ”
The tar, who knew as much of French as Greek,
Ey'd him at first with something like disdain ;
Then, as he shifted round his quid to speak,
With growling voice, cry'd, “ IK KAN NIET VER-
STAAN.” *

“ Oh ! oh ! ” replied the marquis, “ does it so ?

“ To Monsieur KANIFERSTANE ? lucky man !

“ The palace, to be sure, lies rather low ;

“ But, then, the size and grandeur of the plan !

“ I never saw a chateau on the Seine

“ Equal to this of Monsieur KANIFERSTANE.”

While he thus spake, the sailors anchor cast,
And as the marquis landed on the quay,
He saw a charming frow that chanc'd to pass,
In liveliest bloom of youth and beauty gay,

* Meaning, I do not understand.

Bedeck'd with all the Amsterdam parade

Of gold and silver, pearls and jewels rare ;

On the marquis she much impression made ;

His tender breast soon own'd a pleasing flame ;

Stopping a passenger, he, bowing said,

" Monsieur, pray tell me who's that lovely dame ?"

The civil Dutchman bow'd to him again,

And gently answer'd, " IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."

" What ! Monsieur KANIFERSTANE's wife !" the marquis cry'd,

" He who has got yon gay and sumptuous house !

" Well ! that some men have luck can't be deny'd ;

" What ! such an edifice, and such a spouse !

" Ma foi ! I think I never should complain,

" Had I the lot of Monsieur KANIFERSTANE."

As, on the morrow, through the streets he pass'd,

Gazing on all the pretty sights about,

On a large open hall his view he cast,

Where bustling crowds were going in and out.

Joining the throng, he entrance soon obtain'd,

And found the people much engag'd to see

The numbers which the blanks and prizes gain'd

In their high mightinesses' lottery.

Some laugh'd, some wept, some groan'd, and some
exclaim'd,

In all the spirit of true castle-builders,

When, on a sudden, a loud voice proclaim'd

The sov'reign prize of twenty thousand guilders !

"And who," the marquis cry'd, to one close by,
 "Who has the luck this mighty prize to gain?"
 The man survey'd him with a doubtful eye,
 And slowly answer'd, "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."

"What!" Monsieur KANIFERSTANE got the prize!"
 The marquis cry'd, "he's lucky, on my life!"
 "He who has got a house of such a size,
 "And such a garden, too, and such a wife;
 "Diable! you may very well be vain,
 "With all these treasures, Monsieur KANIFERSTANE."

A week or two elaps'd, when, as he stray'd,
 On novelty intent, he chanc'd to meet,
 Adorn'd with solemn pomp and grave parade,
 A sumptuous burial coming up the street.
 "Monsieur," said he, as bowing to a baker,
 Who left his shop, the pageantry to see,
 And just had nodded to the undertaker,
 "Pray, Monsieur, whose grand burial may this
 be?"

The baker, as he turn'd to shop again,
 Reply'd most gravely, "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaim'd the marquis, "what a pity!"
 "Monsieur KANIFERSTANE! what surprize!"
 "He had the noblest palace in this city!"
 "And such a wife! and such a glorious prize!"
 "Alack! alack! good fortune smiles in vain;
 "So rest in peace, good Monsieur KANIFERSTANE!"

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
 Professing openly with death to wrestle ;
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar, and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are ;
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair :
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother :
 So (many a suff'ring patient saith)
 Though the apothecary fights with death,
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line
 Liv'd at Newcastle, upon Tyne :
 No man could better gild a pill ;
 Or make a bill ;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed ;
 Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff* :
 Yet still he thought the list not long enough :
 And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.

This balanced things :—for if he hurl'd
 A few score mortals from the world,
 He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran !
 In short, in reputation he was *solus* :
 All the old women call'd him " a fine man !"
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
 (Which oftentimes will genius fetter)
 Read works of fancy, it is said ;
 And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?
 Of poetry though patron God,
 Apollo patronizes physic,

Bolus loved verse :—and took so much delight in't,
 That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions on his labels,
 In dapper couplets—like *Gay's Fables* :
 Or rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treason ?
 'Tis simply honest dealing ;—not a crime ;—
 When patients swallow physic without reason,
 Is it but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four ;

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,
And, on the label of the stuff,

He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse :

“ *When taken,*
“ *To be well shaken.*”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;
And to the patient's house he goes ;—

Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
It was indeed a very sorry hack !
But that's of course :

For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arriv'd ; and gave a double tap ;
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance :
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers :
One loud, and then a little one behind ;
As if the knocker fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster ;

John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
As if th' apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.

" Well how's the patient ?" Bolus said.

John shook his head.

" Indeed !—hum ! ha !—that's very odd !

" He took the draught ?"—John gave a nod.

" Well—how ?—what then ?—speak out you dunce."

" Why then," says John, " we *shook* him once."

" Shook him !—how !" Bolus stammer'd out :

" We jolted him about."

" Zounds ! shake a patient, man !—a shake won't do."

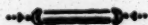
" No, Sir—and so we gave him two."

" Two shakes !—odds curse !

" 'Twould make the patient worse."

" It did so, Sir !—and so a third we tried."

" Well, and what then ?"—" Then, Sir, my master died."



AN IRISH BLUNDER.

COLONEL Patrick O'Blaney, as honest a teague
As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,
Having got a French snuff-box of *papier machee*,
Which to open requir'd much pains, do you see,

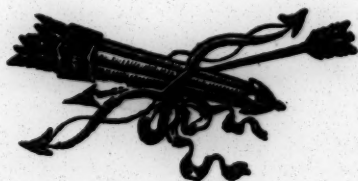
Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in his pocket,
 And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it;
 As by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
 He came at his rappee that was under it hid :
 But one day when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
 He search'd for his tester, but all to no end,
 Till at last 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it ;
 When in rage he cried " Arrah, the devil confound
 it !

" I'll engage you don't serve me that same trick
 again,

" For to make me after thus hunting in vain ;"
 So opening the box by the help of the tizzy,
 And feaking his nose till his noddle was dizzy,
 He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a shrug,
 While tight went the rim down, " So there you lie
 snug ;

" And my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to re-
 mind ye,

" That the next time I want you, I'll know where
 to find ye."



THE HORNE BIPED,

AND

THE BULL WITHOUT HORNS.

A TALE.

CONTENTED and quiet, nor heeding who scorns,
 Tame cuckolds, they say, ever pocket their horns,
 As cowards who, tremblingly, fear to stand brunts,
 With true christian patience will pocket affronts ;
 Nor high birth nor breeding this upshot can parry,
 While dastards court kicking, and dotards will marry ;
 Nor nobility's shield can ward off the broad slur,
 But blots to their 'scutcheons will stick like a blur ;
 And that history's page may the truth here decide,
 We'll look back and appeal to Lord Chancellor Hyde ;
 Who, when Charles was restor'd to the sceptre and crown,
 On the woollack, "*with born high exalted,*" sat down.
 And it happ'd on those days when we prize regal rule,
 That an honest old thump-cushion, called Doctor Bull,
 Who had preach'd for his king, ay, and pray'd like a
 saint,

For preferment petition'd, in language so quaint,
 That the mirth-loving monarch laugh'd loud at the letter,
 And swore that no bishop deserv'd a boon better :
 So quickly comply'd with the doctor's demand,
 And sign'd him a benefice under his hand.

But the haughty cornuto who held the great seal,
 A march on his master had ventur'd to steal,
 And before *royal* hands did the vic'rage convey,
 With his *own* had bequeath'd the fat living away ;
 So the doctor was robb'd of the royal donation,
 Nor could the king's hand cancel Hyde's presentation.
 Thus baulk'd, and quite beggar'd with waiting in town,
 On a bench, in the Park, the poor doctor sat down ;
 Like a crest-fallen loser, when fleec'd by the winner,
 And lucklessly counting the trees for his dinner ;
 When putting his hand in his pocket perchance,
 He took out the king's grant, at the name gave a glance,
 And pennyless gazing at CHARLES in broad letter,
 Quoth he, " Not a pickpurse could do bus'ness better ;
 " My last stiver's gone, I'm for cash at a stand,
 " And lo ! in my pocket I've found the king's *hand* !"
 As the fates have their frolicks, it so pleas'd the TRINE
 That the king was then coming from council to dine ;
 When the parson resolv'd to pluck up a good heart,
 And the state of his case to the monarch impart ;
 For tho' pocketing horns to tame cuckolds belongs,
 He determin'd not tamely to pocket his wrongs ;
 So the king he accosted, with lowly submission,
 And said, " Though I'm rais'd by your royal commis-
 sion,
 " From poor humble curate to rich master vicar,
 " Nor plenty, nor peace, follows faster or thicker,
 " Lord Hyde, my dread liege, scarce your orders had
 read,
 " But a shadow they prov'd, for their substance had fled ;

" He the fatling tythe pig for another had carv'd,
 " And, believe me, I stand a fair chance to be starv'd ;
 " For I dine with Duke Humphry, excepting, alas !
 " I, like Nebuchadnezzar, can dine upon grass ;
 " My last *doit* is spent, while my mis'ries to mock at,
 " I still find your majesty's hand in my pocket ;
 " That hand which had fain made my pocket run o'er,
 " Is all that remains of my pocket's poor store !"
 " Ods fish !" cries the king, " has old Hyde serv'd thee
 so ?
 " Back to him, friend Bull, and from us let him know,
 " That as sure as a cuckold's skin covers his carcase,
 " He shall make the most ample amends for this hard
 case :
 " A prebend or dean shall he 'stall thee outright,
 " Or henceforth bid the varlet ne'er come in my sight."
 Not Hermes, more swiftly, could wing thro' the sky,
 Then back did poor Bull to the chancellor fly,
 Who, bloated with pride, and with spleen ever full,
 To the message reply'd, " So your name, friend, is Bull ;
 " Your cognomen's as grand as the great Capricorn's !
 " But, as you're a Bull, prithee, where are your horns ?
 " My horns !" quoth the doctor, " you're full of your fun,
 " But the question I'll answer in point, with a pun ;
 " I'm a bull *without* horns, tho' my name you deride,
 " For the HORNS, 'tis well known, always go with the
 HYDE !"

*This stroke put an end to the Chancellor's prating,
 And he made Bull a Bishop to 'scape a Bull-baiting.*

MOSES MOUSETRAP.

A TALE.

SEQUESTER'D in a silent vale,
 By flow'ry margin'd Dee,
 Once dwelt the hero of my tale;
 A tiny mouse was he.

Who chose his habitation where
 Was much celestial food;
 But, little of the grosser fare,
 That turns to flesh and blood.

His solitary life he led
 Within a church unseen:
 That he was beter taught than fed,
 There's little doubt I ween.

Scarce once a year a scanty dole,
 With sacrilegious claw,
 The starv'ling from the chancel stole,
 To satisfy his maw.

For why? few thither went to hear
 The evangelic word;
 And fewer more than once a year
 To banquet with the Lord.

Yet oft the goodly vicar toil'd,
 Unwearied in his station ;
 As oft, 'twould seem, the devil foil'd
 His ghostly ministration.'

Heav'n's champion still, the good man strove
 To counteract his foe ;
 And much discours'd of heav'n above,
 And eke of hell below—

Then parables (for well he knew
 The book of sacred lore)
 And texts of scripture not a few,
 He dealt from out his store.

One afternoon in Easter tide,
 As was his pious way,
 A sermon he would give, beside
 The service of the day—

And preach he did with great applause—
 Right earnest was his aim
 To make new converts to his cause—
 The devil's was the same—

The wily tempter's arch design,
 As went the sermon on,
 To disappoint the grave divine,
 Will follow, Sirs, anon.

Ere long their eyes the audience clos'd,
 Unable to withstand
 The drowsy pow'r—nay, Moses doz'd,
 Tho' second in command.

No wonder they a nap should take,
 Long sermons after dinner;
 E'en Sherlock's scarce can keep awake
 The most repentant sinner.

'Twas then a meagre mouse that spent,
 Like famish'd anchorite,
 A tedious and abstemious Lent,
 Beheld a glorious sight.

A wig it was, well dredg'd and basted;
 So rich an olio sure,
 A mouse that had no victual tasted
 For weeks, might well allure.

The very wig that Moses wore
 In honour of the day,
 He saw; and when he heard him snore,
 Thereon resolv'd to prey.

So forth with cautious tread he crept
 The rev'rend wig assail'd;
 And while its owner soundly slept,
 Luxuriously regal'd.

Now Satan some advantage gain'd,
 His stratagem succeeded—
 His mouse the people entertain'd—
 The preacher no one heeded.

Some laugh'd aloud—some forc'd a cough,
 Some others blow their noses,
 To scare the bold marauder off
 The periwig of Moses.

But vain was ev'ry art essay'd,
 To make the robber flinch—
 "The deuce is in the mouse," they said,
 "He will not stir an inch!"

At length the vicar, forc'd to pause,
 Enquir'd what was the matter?
 Unable to divine the cause
 Of such a din and clatter.

And staring round in wild amaze,
 He last of all detected
 The wig which, focus-like, the rays
 Of ev'ry eye collected.

With eyes uplifted, hands outstretch'd,
 His wonder he express'd ;
 And when a sullen groan he'd fetch'd,
 To ease his lab'ring breast——

"Why, Moses, man awake,"
 Impatiently he cries ;
 "Thy wig, thy Sunday-wig's at stake!"—
 "Amen!" the clerk replies.

The mouse, when sumptuously he'd fed,
 As he was reconnoitring
 Upon his tour round Moses' head,
 And here and there stood loit'ring ;

Let fall his tail on Moses' chin,
 Which tickled him, no doubt,
 Else, maugre all the people's din,
 He'd snor'd the sermon out——

Just then he started, and he chopp'd,
 Nor made the chop in vain ;
 The Mouse's pendent tail he lopp'd,
 And bit a claw in twain.



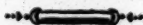
OLD TONSOR.

OLD TONSOR, who many
 Had shav'd for a penny,
 Cut hair, dress'd and bled for a tester,
 Nor ever was wishing,
 To mend his condition,
 Grew rich by the death of a sister.

To his villa retir'd,
 Old Tonfor was fir'd
 With the thoughts of enjoying his wealth;
 But soon found, to his torment,
 That want of employment
 Procur'd him ~~no~~ comfort nor health.

The sports of the field,
 No joy could they yield---
 Guns, fishing-rods, horses, or dogs;
 Nor reading nor writing
 Did he take delight in—
 'Squires, justices, parsons or hogs.

So he took to his trade—he
 Made each lass a lady,
 And turn'd all their clowns into fops;
 And beards became scarcer
 Then before was a razor,
 And pigtails as plenty as hops!



JUSTIFICATION.

A FARMER once, who wanted much
 A sturdy husbandman,
 And one well qualified as such,
 To suit his thrifty plan :

One who was sparing at his meat,
 And sparing in his drink ;
 And daily task-work to complete,
 Would never flinch or shrink,

Induc'd a clodpole to apply,
 Commended by a neighbour,
 As " Never hungry, never dry,
 " Nor ever tir'd of labour !"

But soon, when hir'd and set to work,
 He prov'd, to crown the bam,
 As lazy as a cross-legg'd Turk,
 Yet turkey-like, he'd cram !

For bacon-rack was quickly shrunk,
 So well he'd fill his dish ;
 And soon the cellar's stock was sunk,
 He'd drink so like a fish !

Which made old Squeezum rail and rave,
 Against his neighbour Muggs ;
 To bubble him, like lying knave,
 With three such damn'd humbugs.

- You " Never hungry ! ne'er athirst !
 " Of working never tir'd !"
- I wish that both your skins had burst,
 Ere such a pest I'd hir'd.

Hold, Zur, says Hobnail, doant ye vly.
 In such a deadly twoddle;
 If Measter Muggs have tould a lie,
 Then vairly crack my noddle,

Vor I do never hungry be,
 Before my guts I vill,
 And drowth do never trouble me,
 Before I gets a zwill.

And I did never work purzue,
 Till tir'd or overheated;
 Zo Measter Muggs haye tould ye true,
 And you have not been cheated.



THE PRIEST AND OSTLER.

ONCE at some holy time, perhaps 'twas Lent,
 An honest ostler to confession went,
 And there of sins a long extended score,
 Of various shape and size, he mumbled o'er;
 Till having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,
 (For any moderate conscience quite enough)
 He ceas'd, "What more?" the reverend father cried—
 "No more"—th' unburthen'd penitent replied.

"But," said the artful Priest, "yet unravel'd
 "There lurks one darling vice within your thought
 conceal'd.

"Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,
 "Ne'er grease the horses' teeth to spoil their eating?"
 "Never," cried Crop. So then to close each strain,
 He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.

Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience feel-
 ing,

Crop, at confessional, again was kneeling,
 When lo! at every step his conscience easing,
 Out popp'd a groan, and horses' teeth and greasing;
 "Sancta Maria!" cry'd the astonish'd priest,
 "How much your sins have with your days in-
 creas'd!

"When last I saw you, you deny'd all this."

"True," said the ostler, "very true it is,

"And also true, that, till that blessed time,

"I never, father, heard of such a crime."



THE LADLE.

OLD sceptics affirm that we're left to ourselves,
 To shuffle and cut like a race of blind elves,
 The play-things of fate, and the sports of the wind;
 To stand or to walk, or to rise or to fall,
 As chance spins about our whirligig ball;

Ever tossing, tumbling, rolling, rumbling,
Shifting, turning, frolicking, mourning,
As passion prevails, or as interest binds.

But the folks of this age, who can see with both eyes,
Such tenets explode, and such notions despise,

Calling gods overseers of the rich and the poor:
This thesis to prove, Jove and Hermes one night,
From the realms of Olympus resolv'd to take flight;
And darting, skimming, through the air swimming,
At last alighted, O, but how plighted?

Why wet to the skin at a cottager's door.

This honest old peasant, he had an old wife,
The joy of his heart and the prop of his life,

And she heard a wonderful noise at the gate;

"Why, Derby," says Joan, "since we first threw the
stocking;

"I'm sure that I never knew half so much knocking;

"For they're whooping, calling, hollowing, bawling,

"Thumping, clattering, bouncing, battering,

"What can their bus'ness be here, and so late?"

Jove heard the debate, and their fears to allay,
Loud cried, "We are strangers, and out of our way,

"And shelter we beg from the wet and the cold."

This touch'd their old hearts, and they rose up together,
Saying, "Lord, who could shut out a dog in such weather,

"For 'tis freezing, snowing, blust'ring, blowing,

"Blighting, mizzling, sleeting, drizzling,

"And who can tell where these poor wretches have
stroll'd."

No sooner their godships were got within doors,

But Derby he rummag'd his cheer-upping stores,

And gave them the best his poor cot could afford :

They drank, and they chatted, till cloth was on table,

Then quickly fell to, and eat while they were able ;

And some time after liquor and laughter,

Chattering, joking, singing, and smoking,

They both went to bed, each as drunk as a lord.

When blushing Aurora her gates had unbarr'd,

Jove sent the old couple by Hermes a card,

Acquainting them who they'd got under their roof :

And, for courtesies done, if they'd form wishes three,

Those wishes fulfill'd in an instant should be,

Were it wisdom, or health, or power or wealth,

Or this thing, or that, it was no matter what,

They were ready to put their proposals in proof.

"Your godships be prais'd," says old Joan, "tis my wish

"To have a new Ladle to yon silver dish.

"Odd rot it!" says Derby, "why Joan you're stark
mad !

"Concerns of importance you turn to a farce,

"I wish that the ladle were stuck in your a—

"You drivelling, doating, tottering, gloating,

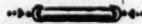
"Mumblin', grumblin', fidgetin', fumblin',

"Fusty old fool, you deserve it, by Gad.

The Ladle appear'd, and, don't thank it a hum,
It quickly whipp'd into the old woman's bum,
Which made her writhe, wriggle, and grunt with the
pain.

Old Derby perceiving his yoke-fellow's plight,
Was almost as bad as herself with the fright,
And, two wishes losing, there was no choosing
What one the third should be, as the last of the three
Went but to wish out the Ladle again.

Then let us conclude with the moral from Prior,
That none are so high but they wish to be higher,
Still aiming at something as yet unpossess'd ;
And yet, if that something they could but obtain,
'Tis odds but 'twould bring 'em less pleasure than pain ;
For, from the cradle, 'tis all a Ladle,
And e'en to coffin we all move off in,
Life is but a wish, and that wish is a jest !



THE SWORD & PLOUGH-SHARE.

A SWORD and Share. (a peer and swain),
One day encounter'd on the plain.
The honest Share address'd the Sword
As other yeomen do a lord :
But who, wrapt up in vain nobility,
Had lost the sense of all civility ;

And therefore pass'd with haughty mien,
As he had neither heard nor seen.

" Whence this contempt ?"—cried conscious worth ?
" Dost thou not know ?—Review they birth !
" Art thou not of plebeian race,
" While I from kings my lineage trace ?"—

" It is not whence—but what we are,
" I own myself a humble Share ;
" Yet mankind owe to my rough toil
" The richest produce of the soil.
" Much harm you've done the world, I know ;
" But sent you e'er a blessing ?—No."

" Thou groveling soul, contracted spirit !
" Dar'st thou pretend to judge of merit ?——
" Such cares for slaves may be design'd,
" But enter not the noble mind."

" Yes ! heroes recent from command
" Have seiz'd the plough with conquering hand.
" The Romans I need only name,
" To stain your cheek with deepest shame.

" Without my aid, what had they done ?
" Had they the universe o'er-run ?——
" A village Rome, and village swains
" The chiefs who led the world in chains."

" And happier they, and happier earth,
 " Had such ambition ne'er had birth.
 " See Europe, Africa in arms,
 " And Asia shook with dire alarms,
 " To gratify the lawless will
 " Of men who had a lust to kill ;
 " And who on all, both friends and foes,
 " Pretended slavery to impose.
 " Say, hence what good to man could flow ?
 " Or was it not the source of woe ?"—

" The Sword, like modern buck, confuted,
 No more attempted to dispute it :
 But told the Share there was a way
 To know who had best temper'd clay—
 " I, Sir, will even condescend
 " To overlook your humble birth,
 " And from my dignity descend,
 " To combat with a son of earth.
 " Prepare ! yourself then to defend.

" Be, cool, my Lord—I will not trust
 " My honour to a random thrust.
 " Fools, rousing at each slight offence,
 " Fly in the face of Providence ;
 " But sober minds in just resistance
 " Alone will hazard an existence.
 " Reason, our glory and our pride,
 " In every quarrel should decide.
 " Here comes the Mole ; let us agree
 " To yield to her the cause of plea.

" As Justice blind, as Minos grave,
 " A fitter judge we cannot have."

Before the bench both claims were laid,
 And each had due attention paid ;
 When, after sitting some time mute,
 Her worship ended the dispute :

" The Sword first arm'd the ruffian's hand,
 " And still he loves the bloody band.
 " He, who to violence owes his birth,
 " Has little chance to bless the earth ;
 " And never can those ills repair
 " Which his fore fathers did the Share.
 " If he in Justice' train is found,
 " 'Tis only to inflict her wound.
 " He therefore to the Share must yield,
 " The native sov'reign of the field."



WILL WADDLE.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown
 place,
 Has seen " Lodgings to Let " stare him full in the face :

Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,

Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Derry down.

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton;
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He entered his rooms; and to bed he retreated,
But, all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same;—and the next;—and the next;

He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd:
Week pass'd after week; 'till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him;

For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him;

He sent for a Doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The Doctor look'd wise:—"A slow fever," he said:
Prescrib'd sudorifics—and going to bed.

"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs!
 "I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs."

Will kick'd out the Doctor—but when ill indeed,
 E'en dismissing the Doctor won't always succeed :
 So, calling his host—he said—"Sir, do you know,
 "I'm the fat Single Gentlemen, six months ago ?

"Look'e landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
 "That with honest intentions you first rook ME IN ;
 "But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
 "I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I've caught
 cold.

Quoth the Landlord—"Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
 "I've let lodgings ten years ;—I'm a Baker to boot !
 "In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,
 "And your bed is immediately—over my Oven."

"The Oven !!!" cries Will—says the host, "Why this
 passion ?
 "In that excellent bed died three people of fashion !
 "Why so crusty, good Sir ?" "Zounds!"—cries Will,
 in a taking,
 "Who wou'dn't be crusty, with half a year's baking ?"

Will paid for his rooms ; and the host, with a sneer,
 Said "I see you've been GOING AWAY half a year ;"
 "Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel,"—Will
 said ;
 "For one person may die where another makes bread."

THE WITLESS WITLING.

FOR his nephew, the Vicar a fortune had scrap'd,
 And Tom was his heir by his will ;
 But Tom's flippant tongue not his patron escap'd,
 As his clack-rattle never stood still.

For Tom was a Wit ! and his uncle's red face
 He to Bardolph's was wont to compare ;
 And he'd queer the old putt, for his long-winded grace,
 Or mimic his mumbling at pray'r.

Then to pose and perplex him with quibbles, one day,
 Being wantonly seiz'd with the fit !
 " Prithee, Parson," says Tom, " what's the diff'rence, I
 pray,
 " Between a Wise Man and a Wit ?"

" Why Tom, the whole diff'rence lies here," quoth the
 Priest,
 " A mere Wit is to folly so prone,
 " That to all his best friend, he'll let slip his worst jest,
 " But a Wise Man will let it alone.

" Thus you, for your sport my complexion deride,
 " And a carbuncle make of each pimple ;
 " For which, you must know, I've my will set aside,
 " But have left you, of wit—a *fee simple*.

PATIENCE.

A TALE.

TWAS at some country place, a parson preaching,
 The virtue of long sufferance was teaching;
 And so pathetically did exhort
 His list'ning congregation, and in short
 Discours'd much of Job, and how he bore
 With such exceeding pleasantry his woes,
 Faith 'twas enough to make a man suppose
 Job wish'd for more.

Meaning, perhaps, that since 'tis plain,
 How needlessly we grieve at pain!
 How would it be if man
 Pursued a different plan,
 And were to laugh and treat the matter lightly;
 And not when tortur'd with the gout,
 To make wry faces, roar and shout,
 But look agreeable and sprightly.

"And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,"

Exclaim'd the parson's wife,

As after church they sat,

In courteous chat,

"That 'tis in human nature to endure

"The sad extremity of woe,

"That Job, you say, did undergo;

"'Tis more than you or I could do, I'm sure."

" My dear," quoth he, " this diffidence,
 " Shews, let me tell you, " great good sense,
 " A talent in your sex we seldom see;
 " And doubtless the remark is true,
 " As far as it extends to you,
 " Tho' not, I think, to me.

" No woman, since the world began,
 " Could bear misfortune like a man—
 " And in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
 " And that without much vanity,
 " I do conceive that I myself have shewn
 " That patience and that strength of mind
 " Were not entirely confin'd
 " To Job alone."

Thus said the modest priest, and would have said much more,
 But for the sudden opening of the door,
 When out of breath, in stumps
 His clownish servant " Numps,"
 His mouth wide open, on the parson, blazing—
 Just like the wight,
 Who drew old Priam's curtains in the night,
 To tell him Troy was blazing.

" Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look'st so
 pale!
 " Has any thing gone wrong?" Quoth Numps, " The
 ale."
 " What," cried the priest, " the ale gone sour?"
 (And then his phiz began to lower);

"Turn'd sour? No measter, no," replied the fellow;

"But just now, as I went, d'ye see,

"To tilt the cask—away roll'd he,

"And all the liquor's spilt about the cellar."

The fact was, Numps a cask of ale had stav'd:

Now prythee tell me, how the Priest behav'd?

Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair?

Or, like that silly fellow Job,

Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe?

Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear?

When thus, in voice of pious resignation,

He to this man address'd this mild oration:

"May God confound thee, thou d—n'd stupid bear!"

(The best of Priests, you know, will sometimes swear)

"What, you must meddle, must ye,

"With the barrel, and be curst t'ye?

"I wish thy paws were in the fire—Odd rot'm—

"Get thee down stairs this instant, wretch!

"Or by the living G—d, I'll kick thy breech

"From top to bottom."

"Nay, now, my dearest," cried the Dame,

"Is this your patience?—Fie for shame!

"I beg—you'll recollect your text,

"Job was not half so vext

"When he'd his sons and daughters to bewail."

"D—n all his sons and daughters if you choose,

"Answer me this, I say—Did Job e'er lose

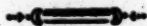
"A barrel of such ale?"

DECISION OF FAME.

A Troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
 For thee (they cry'd), amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd tempestuous down the stream of life ;
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools ! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !
 But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen,
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue e'en for Virtue's sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal fame!
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: In air the trembling music floats,
 And on the wind triumphant swell the notes.



THE LADY'S CHOICE.

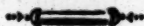
LUCINDA's luck did spinsters grudge,
 While lovers twain pursu'd her;
 For while she charm'd an old grave judge,
 A young gay sheriff woo'd her.

The judge was rich, the sheriff poor,
 Papa preferr'd his lordship;
 And Mammon scorn'd for Cupid's lure,
 Old squaretoes deem'd a hardship.

But Miss, whom rank nor wealth could move,
 To be by dotard bedded;
 (For if Jack Ketch had gain'd her love,
 The hangman she'd have wedded:)

F

Said—" Since to love and cherish too
 " Was wedlock's institution,
 " Judgment may have its weight with you,
 " But I'm for execution."



NED AND LUKE.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL TALE.

TWO chums at the same point of time,
 With the same plans in view,
 Leave college, and, with eager hope,
 Their different paths pursue.

Ned ne'er cou'd wink at folly's prank,
 Nor flatter pride and vice;
 Spoke free and bluntly what he thought:
 And dress'd not over-nice.

Luke bow'd demure, spoke with a smile,
 Was always snug and clean;—
 In others ne'er saw vice; and why?
 It ought not to be seen.

Twelve years elaps'd ; disclosing time,
Which every thing can dish-up,
Saw Ned a poor lank Curate still,
And Luke a sleek fat Bishop.

They met ; and on their different fates
With usual freedom spoke :
My Lord accounted for them thus—
Success will have its joke :

“ That one's so snug and t'other lank,
“ Must from this cause commence—
“ I by divine permission live,
“ You but on Providence.”



THE PUNSTERS.

A TALE.

AT a tavern, one night,
Messrs. More, Strange, and Wright,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange :
Says More, “ Of us three,
“ The whole town will agree,
“ There is only one knave, and that's Strange.”

" Yes," says Strange (rather sore)
 " I'm sure there's one More,
 " A most terrible knave and a bite,
 " Who cheated his mother,
 " His sister and brother,"—
 " O yes," reply'd More, " that is Wright."



WIT WITH THE BOWL.

A SONG.

SINCE wit is a wench for the lay of a god,
 Since titles without her are poor;
 Since folly retires at her gibe or her nod,
 And dares to confront her no more;
 I'll kiss her for life, and obey her control,
 And mingle her flashes of wit in my bowl.

From the cit to the throne with my charmer I'll stray,
 'Tis seldom she sports with the swain:
 But the proud pamp'ring priest, as he comes in her way,
 Awakens the mirth-stirring strain.
 As he probes the dark hypocrite's vice to the soul,
 I mingle her flashes of wit with my bowl.

Should the statesman perchance catch her keen piercing
eye,

In spite of the party he rules,
She proves him a leader (and bids him pass by)
Of time-serving rascals and fools :
Tho' malice looks fierce, and points strait to the goal,
I mingle her flashes of bliss in my bowl.

Should the doctor approach us, who gravely assures
He's the top of the medical tree,
She proves that his murders are more than his cures,
And his object alone is a fee.
At the turnpike of death he but gathers the toll,
While I mingle her flashes of bliss with my bowl.

With the man of the law too full often she'll sport,
The knave whom no honor can bind,
As he bustles away with his plagues to the court,
Wit calls to his clients behind,
To tell them their efforts must finish in dole,
While I mingle her flashes of bliss in my bowl.

To the rake out of health, as he murmurs along,
At Chloe still throwing his curse,
She proves, had he taken a maid from the throng,
With more love for her fame than her purse,
With health he might prattle with innocence droll,
And mingle her flashes of wit in the bowl.

Now hence law and physic, political knaves,
 And priests who no virtue possess,
 And who people the gibbets, and toil for the graves,
 And who only dishonour caress ;
 Hark to Brevity's call, we'll obey her control,
 And mingle the flashes of wit in the bowl.



THE AUCTIONEER.

A PERIOD, pass'd over, I'll bring back to view,
 When the sons of the Hammer were wont to tell
 true,

Then the Buyer saw timber and ground, brick and stone,
 Not with Auctioneer's eyes—but he saw with his own.

Now assembled all ranks, from the Knight to the Clown,
 To see an estate, of some value, knock'd down ;
 And attentive, while round the great table are seated,
 Are able to pay, yet submit to be treated !

“ But five thousand pounds ! Gemmen, what are you
 doing ?

“ Five thousand one hundred—a-going, a-going !

“ The lands are most fertile, the buildings are good,

“ The premises grac'd with a fine Hanging Wood.”

" Where about, Sir, this beautiful wood can I see ?
 " I've examin'd the whole, yet can scarce find a tree."
 " What! been over the premises, yet not descry'd it!
 " If you'd had half an eye, Sir, you must have espy'd it ;
 " Pass close to the orchard, and over the fallows,
 " Then turn to the left, and you'll come to the Gallows."

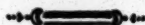


JESUITICAL EXCULPATION.

AN EPIGRAM.

OLD Mumpsimus, rector of Mary-le-bonne,
 Being brought to Death's door by the gravel and
 stone ;
 Young Sumpsimus, seeking preferment to gain,
 (Tho' the Doctor and he were good friends in the main)
 Apply'd for the pars'nage, in case and provided
 A trip to the grave the incumbent betided :
 When lo! as by miracle rais'd from the dead,
 The Rector, restor'd, sprung from sickness's bed ;
 And Old Mumps being told what young Sumps had been
 doing,
 And how for the loaves and the fish had been suing ;
 Burst out in reproaches, till near out of breath,
 And revil'd the false friend, who had long'd for his death.

" I long for your death! No such thing," says Young
 Sumps,
 " Had you died, not your wife had been more in the
 dumps :
 " As 'tis well known that I—tho' you're so unforgiving,
 " Instead of your DEATH—only long'd for your
 LIVING."



THE FLY AND SPIDER.

A FABLE.

GOOD-MORROW, dear Miss Fly," quoth gallant
 Grim,

" Good-morrow, Sir !"—reply'd Miss Fly to him.

" Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I'm about."

" I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir," Miss Fly rejoin'd ;

" My eyes are both so very good, I find,

" That I can plainly see the whole without."

" Fine weather, Miss !"—" Yes, very, very fine,"

Quoth Miss—" prodigious fine indeed !"—

" But why so coy ?" quoth Grim, " that you decline

" To put within my bow'r your pretty head ?"

" 'Tis simply this,"

Quoth cautious Miss,

- " I fear you'd like my pretty head so well,
 " You'd keep it for yourself, Sir :—who can tell ?"

 " Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
 " And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain."—
 " I've a sore finger, Sir; nay more, I fear,
 " You really would not let it go again."

 " Poh, poh, child, pray dismiss your idle dread ;
 " I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head,—
 " Come, then, with one kind kiss of Friendship meet
 me."
 " La, Sir," quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,
 " I fear our salutation would be long ;
 " So loving, too, I fear that you would—eat me."

So saying, with a smile she left the Rogue,
 To weave more lines of Death, and plan for Prog.



THE TAYLORS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THRO' Pancras church-yard as two taylors were walk-
 ing,
 Of princes and politics earnestly talking—
 Says Robert to Richard (by way of digression),
 " 'Tis a very fine morning, beyond all expression ;

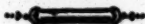
" If this weather goes on," added he, looking round,
 " 'Twill bring every thing charmingly out of the
 ground."
 " God forbid!" replied Richard alertly, " for here
 " I bury'd two wives without shedding a tear."



THE MUSSELMAN'S PIG.

THUS says a prophet of the Turk,
 Good Mussulmen beware of pork ;
 There is a part in every swine,
 No follower, or friend of mine
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication.
 Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
 And thus he gave the joint at large :
 Had he the sinful part exprest,
 They might, with safety, eat the rest.
 But, for one piece, they thought it hard,
 From the whole pig to be debarr'd ;
 So set their wits to work, to find
 What joint the prophet had in mind.
 Much controversy therefore rose
 This chose the cheek, the belly those ;

By some 'tis confidently said,
 He meant not to deny the head !
 Whilst others at the doctrine rail,
 And piously refuse the tail.
 Thus conscience freed from every clog,
 Mahometans eat up the hog.
 You laugh, 'tis well, the tale apply'd
 May make you laugh on t'other side.
 Renounce the world, the preacher cries :
 We do—a multitude replies.
 Whilst one as innocent regards
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;
 And one (whatever you may say)
 Can see no evil in a play.



THE BUCKLE-MAKER

AND

THE MODERN BEAU.

JACK CHAPE, who of Birmingham once was the
 boast,
 And so well could his implements handle ;
 That Mulciber never could more rule the roast,
 Nor a Cyclops to him hold a candle ;

One day, with arms folded, sat listlessly down,
 Trade and tools both alike at a stand,
 While shrugging his shoulders, and scratching his crown,
 He perceiv'd a pert coxcomb at hand ;

Who, disclaiming that manly appendage to dress,
 Which once every instep adorn'd,
 In shoes, deck'd with ribbands, to manhood's disgrace,
 Flash'd a foot which at decency spurn'd :

As on that very spot, where his forefathers' toil
 Reap'd the plumage which feather'd his nest,
 Forge and file to support did his feelings recoil,
 An unnatural monster confest !

While he, who the buckle's gay fashion had form'd,
 In pattern, in size, and in shape,
 And so oft' with improvements its wearers had charm'd,
 That no artist could cope with Jack Chape—

Cast a look that spoke volumes of silent reproach,
 At the long-quarter'd hoofs of the fop,
 'Till as nearer the knot-knitter made his approach,
 With a voice rough and stern, he cry'd " Stop !"

" Stop ! for what ?" cry'd the thing, for a thing 'twas, I
 ween,
 Whose gender 'twas doubtful to hit on ;
 As his sex, male and female seem'd half way between,
 The hermaphrodite shade of a Briton !

" Stop ! for what ?" he squeak'd out—" Why, I'll tell
you," quoth Jack,

" Tit for tat is fair play, you'll agree,

" Therefore I have a right to stop you, for alack !

" You have long made a point to stop-me.

" My labours you've stopt, put a stop to my bread,

" Stopt support from my children and wife,

" Stopt the means that preserve my house over my head,

" And would fain put a stop to my life !

" If you doubt what I say, on your posterns look down,

" And the loose flaunting shoe-string survey ;

" Then to stop the distress of a half-starving town,

" Let your tribe spurn the spoiler away !

" A spoiler which long has laid waste the fair field,

" Where your ancestors flourish'd for years,

" Nor to Birmingham's griefs let your bosom be steel'd,

" While Coventry laughs at her tears !

" 'Tis the mark of the beast ! 'tis the fribble's foul brand,

" Who deserves to be badg'd with a string ;

" And for those who such badges would spread through
land,

" Heaven grant they may have their FULL SWING !"

But in vain did poor Jack, with a TONGUE sharp and rough,

Thus his plea for the BUCKLE pursue ;

As there wanted a STRAP on the blockhead's sleek buff,

His SHOE-STRAPS to make BUCKLE-TO !

MIDAS'S SECOND MISTAKE.

AN EPIGRAM.

ONCE an old country squaretoes, to fopp'ry a foe,
 And disgusted alike at a crop and a beau,
 Being church-warden made, was in office so strict,
 That there scarce was a coat but a hole in't he pick'd ;
 Infringements, encroachments, and trespasses scouting,
 And from straddling the tomb-stones the boys daily routing ;

At last made a justice, corruption to purge,
 His worship became both a nuisance and scourge.
 When a poor needy neighbour, who kept a milch ass,
 Which he often turn'd into the church-yard for grass,
 And with long ears and tail o'er the graves did he stray,
 While perchance now and then at bystanders he'd bray.
 And once when old Midas was passing along,
 He set up his pipes at his brother, ding dong,
 At which his puff'd pride was so stung to the quick
 That he glar'd at the browser as stern as Old Nick ;
 And when he got home, for the sexton he sent,
 Who with his doughty threat to the ass-keeper went,
 That again should his beast the church-warden assail,
 Or be seen in the church-yard—he'd cut off his tail ;
 When the owner replied—" Sure his worship but jeers ;
 " But should he dock donky—I'll cut off HIS EARS."

When no sooner the answer was brought to him back,
 But he summon'd before him the clown in a crack ;
 And he said, " Thou vile varlet, how comes it to pass,
 " That thou dar'st for to threaten to crop a justass ?
 " Thou cut off MY EARS ?—Make his mittimus, clerk ;
 " I'll make an example of this precious spark ;
 " But first reach me down the black act—he shall see
 " That, the next Lent Assizes, he'll swing on a tree."
 " I zwing on a tree!—and for what ?" replies Hob,
 " How the dickens came zuch a streange freak in your
 knob ?
 " I woanly but zaid, if my ass met your sheers,
 " And you cut-off his tail, that I'd cut off his EARS ;
 " Vor as you hate long tails as the mark of a fop,
 " I'd ha'don't, 'cause I knaough that you don't like a crop."
 At this subtle rejoinder, his worship, struck dumb,
 Found his proud overbearing was quite overcome ;
 So the ass sav'd his tail by a quibble so clever,
 And the justice's ears are now longer than ever.

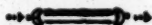


THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE Taylor here the port of Mars assumes,
 Who cross-legg'd sat in silence on his board—
 Forgets his goose and rag-besprinkled rooms,
 And thread and thimble, and now struts a Lord :

Here Crispin too forgets his end and awl—
 Here Mistress Cleaver with importance looks,
 Forgets the beef and mutton on her stall,
 And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.
 Here Mistress Tap, from pewter pots withdrawn,
 Walks forth in all the pride of paunch and geer,
 Mounts her swoln heels on Dandelion's lawn,
 And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.
 Chang'd by their travels—mounted high in soul,
 Here Suds forgets whate'er remembrance shocks,
 And Mistress Suds forgetteth too the pole,
 Wigs, bob and pig-tail, basons, razors, blocks !
 Here too the most important Dicky Dab,
 With puppy-pertness, pretty pleasant PRIG,
 Forgets the narrow fishy house of Crab,
 And drives in Jehu-stile his whirling Gig !
 And here 'midst all such consequence am I,
 The Poet ! semper idem—just the same—
 Bidding old Satire's haws at folly fly,
 To fill the shops of Booksellers with game.

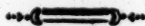


IN ANSWER TO PETER PINDAR.

In Praise of Margate.

PRAY why, Friend Peter, didn't thou, snarling, hie,
 To Margate's cheerful strand, in Margate hoy,

Like snake behind a brake, was it to lie,
 To spit thy venom—comfort to destroy ?
 Why, quitting Kings, and Courts, and titled Peers,
 Dost shoot thy barbed wit at Butchers' Wives ?
 Why at a Taylor throw your jibes, your jeers,
 When honest industry at wealth arrives ?
 'Tis as when Cocknies, sometimes void of skill,
 O'er meads, and even fields, for covies roam,
 Spring them and fire, tho' not a partridge kill,
 But shoot a sparrow as they journey home ;
 And pray what odds, pert Peter, after all
 'Twixt Cleaver's Wife and thou, great Poetaster ?
 She quits the " beef and muton on her stall,"
 You, lotion, potion, clyster-pipe, and plaister.*



LINES

*Written in consequence of an incident which happened in the
 late Lord B——'s life.*

THE bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat,
 Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat :
 Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,
 And lo ; " A race !—a race !" in rapture cries ;
 " Where ?" quoth Sir John ; " Why see the drops of rain
 " Start from the summit of the chrystal pane—

* It may be necessary to mention, by way of illustration, that Dr. Walcot, l. e. Peter Pindar, was originally an apothecary.

" A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest force,
 " Performs its current down the slippery course!"
 The bets were fix'd—in dire suspense they wait
 For vict'ry pendant on the nod of fate.
 Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
 But ah! the glittering charms of life are short!
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
 Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws—
 Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
 How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!



MOTHER PUNCHBOWL;

OR,

The Modern Mode of Punch-making.

A SIMILE.

A WIDOW to a bowl of punch
 Compar'd the marriage state!

R.—*Hot water, spirits, quantum suff,*
Some acid and much sweet.

A simile so strange to prove,
 She thought it most expedient

Herself to try; and mark how well
She mix'd up each ingredient.

Two tedious years of widowhood,
Experience sore had taught her,
That youthful blood at sixty-five
Keeps women in *hot water*.

And sure it is within that breast,
Which grief so late had troubled,
Enough to scald a widow's veins,
That same *hot water* bubbled.

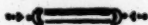
So straight a second spouse she took,
A true and BRITISH SPIRIT,
None of your HUM ones, but a—MAN—
Of course, a man of merit.

Sweets she'd enough—her cash was sweet—
Aye, sweet was every penny—
Her house was sweet—her cellars sweet—
Herself more sweet than any.

But where an acid to obtain
Of such a gentle savour,
As with the rest but justly mix
And give THE WHOLE its flavour,

She scarce could tell. Full many a night
The fond idea she'd dream on;
At length, resolv'd to sell herself,
And fairly bought a—LEMON.

Then, since with so much care she's tried
 Her PUNCHBOWL to supply,
 Long may she quaff the pleasing draught,
 And squeeze the LEMON dry !



THE NEW SCHOOL FOR MANNERS.

AN EPIGRAM.

LORD Spencer, who rules at the Adm'rality Board,
 Last summer, on board the King's yacht,
 With his friend, my Lord Howe, was exchanging a
 word,

While each, on his head kept his hat.
 When a tar to his messmate said, " Twig, brother Ned,
 " That fresh-water fellow, so trim,
 " To the Amburral talks, with his hat on his head,
 " Without lifting his paw to the brim !"
 " Why what of all that ?" says the other, quite cool,
 " Such a sight is no wonder to me :
 " For how should the lubber learn manners, you fool,
 " When you know that he ne'er was at sea !"

THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

IT chanc'd one day, as through the street
 I trudg'd—in hopes some friend to meet,
 Dispos'd to kill an hour,
 In social chat, o'er pipe and glass,
 And laugh at all the humdrum class,
 Whom cynic précepts sour :

And make a jest of trifling things,
 Which rouse the gall of lords and kings,
 But never yet stirr'd mine :
 And interchange a sportive thought,
 From fancy's storehouse, promptly fraugh
 As wit gives zest to wine :

Before me push'd, in thrifty pace,
 One, whom I thought the self-same chace,
 Had led in quest of ME;
 His shape, his dress, his gait the same,
 As honest—you'll excuse his name,
 But I'd have sworn 'twas HE.

But when, on shoulder, I my hand
 Clap'd hard, to bring him to a stand,
 With—"How now, honest Ned !

G

He turn'd and frown'd, and silence broke,
His cheek all pallid while he spoke,
And mine suffus'd with red !

" What means this freedom, Sir ?"—" Gad so !

" Your pardon Sir," says I ——" I trow,

" We're all to error prone ;

" My blind mistake with favour scan,

" I took you for another man,

I've been to blame, I own."

" Sir," says the wight with gallows brow,

And such a cut-throat face, I vow

As made me almost quake ;

" I am not him you took me for,

" So take more care in future,—Or,

" Beware your next mistake

" I thank you, Sir, but faith," says I,

" I took your Worship, by the bye,

" Before I saw your phiz,

" For a good honest hearty cock,

" Whose looks would no beholder shock,

" For such HIS aspect is."

" His aspect, Sir ! And why not MINE ?"

" Dear Sir," says I, " Pray don't opine,

" That I am over nice ;

" But if, — as one mistake I've own'd,

" An honest man, in you, I've found,

" I've been mistaken twice !"

THE WAY TO RULE A VILLAGE.

THAT village is perfectly under command,
 When the Justice and Rector will go hand in hand :
 Their power o'er the peasant can ne'er be shut out,
 When jointly these two toss the tankard about.

But when it shall happen these two disagree,
 Ill natur'd retorts, and returns you may see ;
 The peasants, alarm'd, will begin to take sides,
 The plague becomes pow':ful—the village divides.

Then take this advice—you no farther need seek,
 Let the 'Squire and the Parson get drunk once a week :
 When into their breast they've transported the barrel,
 Let the Priest and the Magistrate then shun a quarrel.

A Rector of Pride, and a Justice of Peace,
 With sentiments high—they could ne'er coalesce,
 Met point-blank together, once on the road,
 Though the ground each detested the other had trod.

"Sir," says the Justice, "you ride a fine horse,
 "Won't follow your Master, who rode something worse ;
 "For he, though divine, on a Jack Ass we view,
 "Methinks the same animal might have serv'd you."

"I own," says the Parson, "your judgment is good,
 "Like our Saviour, I'd ride on an Ass, if I cou'd :
 "But none I can purchase—so riding must cease,
 "Because ev'ry Ass is a Justice of Peace."



A RAZOR-SELLER AND COUNTRY BUMKIN.

A FELLOW in a market-town
 Most musical cry'd razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence ;
 Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense,

A country bumkin the great offer heard :
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
 That seem'd a shoe-brush, stuck beneath his nose ;
 With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers said,
 * This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

* No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
 * Provided that the razors *shave* ;

‘ It certainly will be a monstrous prize.’
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
 Smiling in heart, and soul content,
 And quickly soap’d himself to ears and eyes.

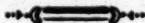
Being well lather’d from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning face to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :
 ‘Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try’d—
 All were impostors—‘ Ah! Hodge sigh’d;
 ‘ I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse.’

In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winc’d, and stamp’d, and swore :
 Brought blood, and danc’d, blasphem’d, and made wry
 faces,
 And curs’d each razor’s body o’er and o’er.

His muzzle, form’d of *opposition* stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch’d his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench’d claws,
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
 ‘ Razors!—a damn’d confounded dog—
 ‘ Not fit to scrape a hog!’

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and begun—
 ‘ Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you ’tis fun
 ‘ That people slay themselves out of their lives :

- ' You rascal—for an hour have I been grubbing,
 ' Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing
 ' With razors just like oyster-knives.
- ' Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
 ' To cry up razors that can't *shave*.
 " Friend," quoth the razor-man, " I'm not a knave;
 " As for the razors you have bought,
 " Upon my soul, I never thought
 " That they would *shave*."
- ' Not think they'd shave!' quoth Hodge, with wond'ring
 eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
 ' What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:—
 " Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile, " to *sell*,"

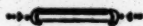


THE TRUTH MOST SIMPLY TOLD.

AN EPIGRAM.

HONEST Teague, when return'd from a trip to the
 North'
 For to Lapland 'twas said he had been;
 Was questioned—" If during his cold wintry birth,
 " Whether any Rein Deer he had seen?"

When says he, " By my sowle, as the truth I regard,
 " I was station'd there almost a year ;
 " And sometimes, in the summer, it rain'd very hard,
 " But I never once saw it rain Deer.

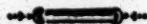


THE MISER'S WONDER.

DUGARD, the veriest gripe alive,
 Whose only maxim was to thrive ;
 The common jest of every tongue,
 The line disgracing whence he sprung ;
 Tho' grudging e'en of food the charge,
 A palace built immensely large ;
 Its inside rich, its outside great,
 He liv'd, or rather starv'd in state.

By chance Orlando, passing by,
 Upon the building cast an eye ;
 Dugard, who knew his perfect taste,
 His entrance begs—if not in haste ;
 He stops—then civilly is shewn
 The wonders of each stately room !
 Paintings from distant climates brought,
 Carpets that were in Persia wrought ;
 And roofs, resplendent all with gold,
 You might, with wonder, there behold.

By the large stairs descending down,
 At length they enter the saloon ;
 There Dugard thus accosts his guest :
 " Since with your presence I am blest,
 " Oblige me, Sir, in this demand ;
 These pannels, that unfinish'd stand,
 I would have pictur'd with some scene
 That never yet had painted been ;
 " Direct my choice."—" If oddness please,
 " E'en paint a man that seems to sneeze."
 " Thy humour, good Orlando, change ;
 " I would have something really strange."
 " What stranger yet ! then pr'ythee draw
 " PLENTY—that thing you never saw."



LIKE NO PART OF LIKENESS.

AN EPIGRAM.

TEADY meeting with Teague upon Waterford quay,
 " Arrah now, but," says he, " what's the news of
 the day ?"
 " Troth," says Teague, " none at all at all, worth while to
 mind,
 " Excepting last night that I saw a great wind !"
 " Saw a wind, sure" says Teady, " but that was quite
 queer ;
 " Pray what was it like, and how did it appear ?"

"It appear'd very frightful," says Teague, "by my
sowle,
"For I shook like an asp to see how it did howl;
"And for what it was *like*, by the King's precious crown!
"But 'twas like—to have blown my poor cabin quite
down!"



THE NAVAL SUBALTERN.

A LACONIC TALE.

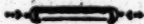
BEN Block was a veteran of naval renown,
And renown was his only reward;
For the BOARD still neglected his merits to crown,
As no int'rest he held with my lord!
Yet brave as Old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,
And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar!
When the death-dealing broadside made worm's meat of
men,
And the scuppers were streaming with gore!
Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
The staunch tar to despise scanty prog;
But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog!

H

Thus year after year, in a Subaltern's state,
 Poor Ben for his King fought and bled ;
 'Till Time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
 And the hair from his temples had fled ;

When, on humbly saluting, with Sinciput bare,
 The first Lord of the Admiralty once ;
 Says his lordship, " Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair."
 " Why, my lord," replied Ben, " it with truth may be
 said,

" While a bald pate I long have stood under,
 " There have so many Captains walk'd over my head,
 " That to see me quite *scalp'd*, 'twere no wonder."



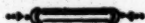
THE WAY TO BE WISE

POOOR Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,
 Having by man been led astray,
 To nunn'ry dark retir'd ;
 There liv'd, and look'd so like a maid,
 So seldom ate, so often pray'd,
 She was by all admir'd.

The Lady Abbess oft would cry,
 If any sister trode awry,
 Or prov'd an idle slattern ;

" See wise and pious Mrs. Jane,
 " A life so strict, so grave a mien,
 " Is sure a worthy pattern."

A pert young slut, at length replies,
 " Experience, madam, makes folk wise ;
 " 'Tis that which makes her such ,
 " And we, poor souls, no doubt, should be
 " As pious, and as wise, as she,
 " If we had seen as much."



THE

BARBER & CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

YOUNG Nick within a Barber's shop
 A chimney had been sweeping,
 And having done his swarthy job,
 Again was downward creeping.

While tying up his bag of soot,
 A waggish shaving blade
 Exclaim'd, " May I presume to ask,
 " What was your father's trade ?"

- "What trade?" quoth Sweep, "why to my shame
 "And chagrin be it spoken,
 "My father was a BARBER, Sir!
 "How cursedly provoking!

 "I might have been a barber too,
 "And his own sphere have play'd in;
 "But did not like, to say the truth,
 "A business so degrading,"



THE PRESS-WARRANT,

AS Tom Bowling was prowling the streets with his
 gang,
 Such fellows to press as would otherwise hang;
 He spy'd one he thought who would answer his end,
 And slapping his shoulder, cry'd; "What ship, my
 "friend?"
 "You mistake," said the man, "sir, you cannot take
 "me!
 "I can prove how I live; so by law I am free;"
 "Your law," said rough Tom, "I am not very apt in;
 "That's a thing which we leave to the reg'lating Captain;"
 "But this I know well, that whate'er you can say,
 "I've a warrant to press, and so you must away."

Then straight with their prey, they set off to the boat,
And his children and wife left to sink or to float.

A Frenchman, attentive, observ'd all that past,
And thus to a friend he broke silence at last :

" Now sir, pray you tell me, *en verité*,

" Vot vas, you tink now, of your grand *liberté* ?

" You make de great joke of de *lettre de cachet* ;

" *Ma foi*, de press-variant vill very vell match it."



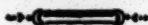
THE RIDER AND SAND-BOY.

A TALE.

TO give the last polish to youth, 'tis agreed
That *travel* doth all formal precepts exceed ;
It adds ease and freedom to classic glean'd knowledge,
Rubs off the school rust, and the stiffness of college ;
As a proof of this custom, what men are so *easy*
As those who for *orders* so fluently traze ye ;
Who ride round the country, and shew far and near,
Their Manchester patterns, or Birmingham ware.

One day after dinner, as some of these wags
Were cracking their filberts and praising their nags,
A poor shoeless urchin, half starv'd, and sun-tann'd,
Paw'd near the inn-window, crying—" Buy my fine sand !"

When SADDLE-BAG SAMMY—long fam'd for his fun,
 To banter the dust-cover'd squaller begun,
 "What dost cry there, my lad?" "Why sand, sir,
 "And prithee
 "Hast got a large stock?" I see none of it with thee."
 "Oh—I leaves sand and Neddy about the town's border
 "And am just going round, sir, to look out for orders."



THE CARELESS COUPLE.

JENNY is poor, and I am poor,
 Yet we will wed—so say no more;
 And should the bairns you mention come,
 As few that marry but have some,
 No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
 And *bread*, as well as *children* send.
 So fares the hen in farmer's yard,
 To live alone she finds it hard;
 I've known her weary every claw
 In search of corn amongst the straw;
 But when in quest of nicer food,
 She clucks amongst her chirping brood;
 With joy I've seen that self-same hen
 That scratch'd for *one*, could scratch for *ten*.
 These are the thoughts that make me willing
 To take my *girl* without a shilling;
 And for the self-same cause d'ye see,
 JENNY's resolv'd to marry me!

THE TIPLING TAPSTER.

AN EPIGRAM.

TO ease his heart of sorrow's load,
 And lighten all his cares;
 Poor Tom took off the Tipler's road,
 Adown the cellar stairs.

Where from the butt's exhil'rant store,
 His gloomy brow got brighten'd;
 And e'er nine months were past and o'er,
 Both of their load were *lighten'd*.

When lo! all on a summer's day,
 Just after thundery weather;
 Tom and his master took their way,
 T' examine stock together.

For mild and stale, the landlord fear'd,
 Had had the wayward luck,
 Amid the clatt'ring peals he'd heard,
 To get all thunderstruck!

So Tom was sent in inner vault,
 Where stood two fav'rite taps;
 Which Fleece well hop'd was free from fault,
 And sav'd from all mishaps.

And while he broach'd each outer butt,
 All fearful, sad, and sober,
 Lest clouds, in late combustion put,
 Had spoil'd his dear October,

Sly Tom rush'd out, with looks aghast,
 And, to the landlord's cost,
 Rapp'd out an oath, "'Twixt peal and blast,
 " Your fav'rite store is lost.

" For one," says Tom, " event most dread,
 " Most awful, and most fright'ning ;
 " One cask is struck, with thunder, dead,
 " And one dry'd up with *light'ning*."

FINIS.

Printed by Brook & Lancashire, Huddersfield.



